

Maybe We're In Too Deep by Luddleston

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Summary:

If he were more of a romantic, he'd describe Adaar as everything he'd ever needed, a perfect match in every way, destiny, or some shit like that. But he's not, so he describes Adaar as the sole possessor of the world's most perfect ass.

Just the story of two big, burly Qunari falling in love and mentally scarring Cullen a little bit.

Maybe We're In Too Deep

Author's Note:

I'm told this fic is all the more enjoyable when you know that my Adaar is named "Meatball."

I stand by his ridiculous name and I love him; he is seven and a half feet of chubbiness, freckles, and anger. His hobbies are threatening to headbutt nobles and smacking demons across the face with his shield.

Bull agrees with the Inquisitor on a lot of things, like the fact that this whole Herald of Andraste thing is bullshit. He may not be Andrastian by any definition of the word, but he's damn glad fate, or the Maker, or whatever, has gotten him to the point where he met Adaar.

If he were more of a romantic, he'd describe Adaar as everything he'd ever needed, a perfect match in every way, destiny, or some shit like that. But he's not, so he describes Adaar as the sole possessor of the world's most perfect ass. And Adaar is benevolent enough to share that ass. And Bull, lucky bastard that he is, is the one person in all Thedas Adaar shares that ass with regularly anymore.

So that's why Bull is pinning Adaar to the bar in the Herald's rest, belly pressed into the wooden edge of it, hands splayed on sticky circles left by overflowing tankards. It's long past closing time, and even if Sera sleep-walks down here, Adaar's not gonna care. Not when Bull's grinding his cock against that perfect, perfect ass, not when Bull's whispering dirty shit in his ear, not when Bull's biting his neck right between two freckles, just below a scar.

Adaar's curly hair is starting to pull free of the leather cord he normally has it tied up with, strands tickling the side of Bull's head and neck. It feels kinda similar to how his beard on Bull's chest and thighs does, and it makes Bull's hips hitch just a little. "You're so damn pretty, you know that? You know what you do to me, Boss?"

“Might have an idea,” Adaar says, and he’s shifting his ass back against Bull’s cock and tilting his head to get just the right angle so their horns don’t knock together. It’s also the perfect angle for Adaar to hear if anyone’s coming in, and *shit*, it’s weirdly sexy to a guy who’s been a spy for most of his life.

For a few good minutes, Bull’s sucking on Adaar’s neck, biting him just enough to leave a mark, hands spanning his hips. Damn, the boss is *big*, too, not as tall as Bull, but just as broad in the shoulders and even broader in the waist. He’s layers of well-trained muscles and thick fat, with an internal temperature hot enough to make him the cuddliest damn man this side of the Frostbacks. “So, about that thing you were gonna give me,” Adaar asks, “is it in your pants?”

Bull chuckles against his neck. “You always do catch on fast,” he says, tucking his thumb under the boss’s vest so he can nudge aside the shirt underneath. He smiles, pressing close-lipped kisses up to Adaar’s hairline. The bar had just closed when Adaar had told Bull he had a present for him. He’d been sitting on Bull’s lap, his gloves and scarf lying on the table, and Bull scratched him under the chin like he was a puppy when he replied with, “I’ve got something for you, too.”

And that was just about how they got to Bull pinning his boss to the bar, but now, he’s letting Adaar turn around, so he can lean lazily back with his elbows propped on the scuffed wood, like he owns the place, which, shit, he kinda does. Bull can see the line of Adaar’s cock in his pants; they hide absolutely nothing and the man knows it. He can see it even more when Adaar shamelessly reaches down to adjust himself with a sigh.

Bull wants to touch, so he does. He flicks all the buttons on Adaar’s vest, then yanks him forward by one of two (two! damn it.) shirts under, hauling him into a kiss. Adaar grabs Bull by his belt, so the kiss has a lot more crotch-on-crotch action than planned. Not a bad way for things to go, though, especially not when Boss breathes in quick and Bull takes the opportunity to bite his lip, just a little, because his lips are just as perfect as his ass. All pouty, and most people don’t know that, because he’s got this huge beard, but Bull gets to kiss Adaar’s lips as much as he wants to.

Adaar's eyes open slowly when they stop kissing, like he hasn't realized Bull's lips aren't on his yet. Has Bull ever fucked a guy with such long eyelashes before? Has he ever even paid attention to the length of a man's eyelashes? Shit, he just might be in love.

"So," Adaar begins, his voice barely a rumble, "gonna fuck me over the bar?"

Oh, he wants to. He wants nothing more than to shove a couple barstools out of the way, then muscle Adaar up until he's laying on the bar, ass hanging over the edge, of *course*, because Bull's going to have his hands on that ass the whole time, while he does things Cabot would permanently ban them from the premises for. But Boss deserves more than that, deserves a mother-fucking gentleman, and Bull has a mostly-suitable room (yeah, there's a hole in the ceiling, but Adaar's never cared). "Naw. Come home with me, sweet thing?"

Adaar chuckles and agrees. "Oh, so *now* we get to the romance. Would've thought that would have happened *before* you fucked the daylights out of me a few dozen times."

"Well, I can be romantic and then fuck the daylights out of you a few dozen more times," Bull suggests, and Adaar agrees to that with a rumbled laugh and follows him. They stop on the stairwell to kiss for a while. Adaar's a stair-step above him, so he's a scant few inches taller, and he uses that to his advantage, taking Bull's face in his hands to tilt his chin up and they should probably do that more often, but Adaar's still wearing two more shirts than Bull is (two and a half if you count the now-open vest).

And the Inquisitor isn't really known for being patient, so it's not much of a surprise when Adaar yanks Bull up by the strap of his harness and says, "how many stairs 'til I can get your pants off?"

They run the rest of the stairs, and Adaar's cursing by the time they get to the top, at first because he hates running up stairs, and then because Bull's groping his ass and pushing him against the door. Adaar tries the knob, and it isn't until they're tumbling through the door that Bull actually realizes the

boss might've thought it was *locked*. Like there'd actually be some reason for the Iron Bull to lock his damn door.

They stumble a bit, but Adaar catches himself, and then Bull. Been a long time since he's had a lover who could do that. Even longer since he's had one that could shove him back onto the bed without his say-so. And it's making him ridiculously hard, so he grabs Adaar by the open halves of his vest and pulls him until he goes careening ass-over-horns into Bull's lap. Bull doesn't have a problem with this.

He does have a problem with the two damn shirts, so they, along with the vest, end up in a pile first thing. Adaar's freckly all down his chest, even more so now that he's taken up hanging around the training yard shirtless (which he's probably doing specifically so that Bull gets an eyeful of his huge biceps every time he's trying to teach Krem how to use a shield). And Bull's never said it out loud, but Adaar has better chest hair than Varric (and the reason he's never said it out loud is because he's got a crossbow bolt between the horns if he did). Bull kisses him in the center of his chest, listens to his stubble scratching against Adaar's hair, and thinks, "*Kadan*." Oh shit. Ohhhh shit. He's in deep. And not the kind of "in deep" he likes to be.

When he looks up and catches Adaar's eyes, sees the crow's feet in the corners crinkling up when he smiles, Bull thinks maybe he's not the only one who's in deep.

Adaar rolls off Bull, laying flat on his back on the bed, hands tucked behind his head, and he's *trying* to show off his arms, the bastard. Adaar kicks off his boots and Bull follows suit, then, because he's fresh out of patience, he gets them both naked as quickly as physically possible. It ends up not being as quick as he'd like, because Adaar's legs are tangled around his, which makes pants want to stay exactly where they were at. They eventually disentangle themselves, and Bull's leaning over Adaar on the bed, and Adaar's already leaning up for a kiss.

He gets one, of course, because Bull gives Adaar what he wants more often than not. Adaar's hands are hot against Bull's sides, and his thighs are hot around Bull's hips. He kisses messily, his beard scraping against Bull's

chin, and Bull slips his hand into Adaar's hair, letting it fan out in a mess of wiry curls. Adaar moves so he's got one hand around Bull's horn, the other cupping his cheek, directing his head to the best angle to kiss him. Ooh, he's pushy today.

Bull shakes his head once, fast, enough to knock Adaar's loose grip off his horn. "Want me to suck you off?" His palm's spread over Adaar's cock, he feels his hips tilt into the touch.

"When don't I want that?"

"That a yes?"

"*Fuck*. Yes, Bull."

"Alright." Bull goes down on his knees, mindful of the fucked-up one, spreading Adaar's thighs and tugging him forward so he's just on the edge of the bed. Adaar's laying down, because he's still kind of drunk and it's so late at night it's gonna be morning before they're done. Bull kisses his belly first, and then his thigh, right on the place where pale spiderwebbing stretch marks divide the freckles on his skin. He's got a scar on the outside of his left thigh, and Bull runs his fingers over it while he trails his kisses closer and closer to Adaar's cock.

"You forget how to use the one good eye?" Adaar asks. Pushy.

Bull decides to tease him a little longer. "Nope. I'm definitely looking," he says, and licks Adaar's cock from the base up, just once, before pulling away.

Adaar's moan is mostly breath. "Bull!"

"Boss?"

"Would you just—" and Adaar cuts himself off, because Bull sucks on the head of his cock, hands squeezing his thighs. Bull's had lovers he felt huge in comparison to, people who were so small he could fit his hands around their legs and his thumb touched his forefinger. Adaar wasn't like that; he

was big enough that he made Bull feel like the smaller one sometimes. It makes him want to grin, but he can't really do that with Adaar's cock in his mouth, so instead, he swallows to the base, earning him a vehement, "oh, FUCK!"

He can hear the blankets moving, knows Adaar probably has his hands fisted in them. He moves his hands from Adaar's thighs to his hips, gripping where they're the softest, just behind the still-somewhat-distinct points of his hipbones. He's gentler, knows Adaar bruises more easily here (not that you could see it, he's too dark for anything to show), and he breathes deep through his nose. He's gotten weirdly used to the way Adaar smells, sometimes thinks about it when they haven't seen each other for a while. He likes his sounds, too, likes the little ones he's making now, low and broken-off. He can get Adaar's voice to go higher and sharp, and *loud* when he fucks him (the whole damn keep's heard them, and Adaar is proud of it.)

"Bull, I'd... *oh*, I'd like you to fuck me sometime tonight, so could you please..." He makes this little sharp gasp when Bull sucks harder as he pulls off.

"Yeah, what do you want?" His voice has gone a little deeper, and he wasn't sure if it was that or the fact that he was standing over Adaar now that had the boss shivering.

"Please, just... you know what I want."

Adaar gets bad at voicing his desires when he's horny, Bull knows he's clearly had years of just going for it, not asking, but he tries, and so when Bull leans over him, he kisses Adaar on his nose (which is tiny in comparison to the rest of him, and adorable.) "You want to roll over for me? Want me to spread you open, get you ready to take me? I could make you squirm, finger you 'til you start humping the sheets, that's how horny I'd get you. You want that?"

The dirty-talk makes Adaar grabby, makes him wrap his legs around Bull's waist and grab his chest with one hand, fingertips digging in just a little,

blunt points of pressure. “Kadan,” and there it is, slips out again, this is the second time, damn it, “do you want it?”

“Always,” Adaar says, laying open-mouthed kisses on Bull’s shoulder. “Please.”

“You ask so nice,” Bull says, pausing to kiss Adaar’s lips, which are getting flushed already, turning darker and so he kisses him twice. “Do it again.”

Adaar’s head tips back, horns denting in the mattress. “Fuck, Bull, *please*, oh, I need you, please, please.”

Bull aligns his hips flush with Adaar’s, so his cock presses against Adaar’s and they both moan. Bull lets himself enjoy it for a few moments longer, rocking back and then against him again, but then he pulls back. He doesn’t miss the way Adaar’s fingers clutch at his sides. “Turn over,” he orders, and he is obeyed.

He goes for the lube and coats two of his fingers while Adaar gets comfortable, folding his arms under his chin. From this angle, the light’s striking Adaar’s horns in a way that makes every nick in the burnished metal caps visible, except where they’re covered by his unbound, stray hair.

When he kneels behind Adaar, he grins, because his lover’s legs are already spread, and Bull settles himself with a knee on either side of one of Adaar’s thick thighs. If he rests his weight fully against Adaar like this, and tilts his hips just right, his dick slides against the crease between Adaar’s ass and thigh, so of course, he does this, laughing low and pleased when Adaar responds with “enjoying yourself?”

“Oh yeah,” Bull says, thrusting a few more times. He can feel the muscles in Adaar’s thigh tensing underneath him, and he slips his oiled fingers against Adaar’s ass. Adaar tries to shift back onto Bull’s fingers, but Bull’s weight on his thigh is keeping him in place, so Bull teases him a little longer, running his fingers from the crease of Adaar’s ass to his perineum, until Adaar’s moaning again. Adaar’s breathing harder, and Bull can tell he’s getting restless, because his shoulders are shifting like he’s trying to

decide whether to prop himself up on his elbows or not. His shoulder-blades jut out sharply and his back bows when Bull slides both fingers into him.

“Shit! You could’ve warned me,” Adaar says, but he’s squirming, his hips are shifting and he’s got his head tipped to the side, like he’s subconsciously asking for a kiss. When Bull sits up on his knees just a little, so he’s not trapping Adaar under him, Adaar’s hips roll—he’s thrusting against the sheets. Bull could keep his fingers still so Adaar could fuck himself back onto them, but instead, he stills Adaar with his other hand. Sure, it’s not enough force to keep Adaar from moving if he wanted to, but it’s a silent order: hold still.

And Adaar’s good at following orders, when he wants to be.

He’s gone still except for his hands, which are clenching and unclenching in the blankets below him. Bull fingers him with more efficiency than stimulation, but it’s still got Adaar breathing heavy. Bull bends to kiss a cluster of freckles on Adaar’s spine that look like a constellation that doesn’t exist. “Damn, Bull, give me more, please,” Adaar whines, actually *whines*, and Bull scrapes his teeth over the ridge of his spine before twisting his hand to get a better angle. That gets him going, and despite Bull’s hand still telling him not to move, Adaar grinds back against him.

“Don’t move, Boss.” Bull speaks the order this time. Adaar manages to follow it, but he’s shaking with the effort.

“Weren’t you supposed to be giving me something?”

“Patience. It’s a virtue, apparently, you should try it sometime.”

“I’ll try it when I don’t want your cock in my ass *right fucking now*, Bull,” Adaar hisses, and Bull thinks for a second about gagging him, but then he wouldn’t be able to scream Bull’s name, and that would be absolute crap. He removes his hand from his hip and smacks Adaar on the ass instead, which makes him yell and thrust forward again. Bull knows that if he teases Adaar enough, he’ll get all riled up and take over, like that time he actually shoved Bull back onto the bed and rode the hell out of him because he was so completely *done* with teasing. Shit, that had been hot.

Bull's fingers slip out of Adaar, and he reaches down between Adaar's legs, brushing his knuckles against the back of his cock like it's a subconscious afterthought. It's enough to make him shiver. Bull reaches up with his clean hand, threading his fingers through Adaar's hair. Adaar turns his head with Bull's prompting, and Bull kisses him on the shoulder, because he's gorgeous like this, hair sticking to his forehead and his temples, cheeks going even darker grey than usual. His lower lip's got visible teeth marks in it, and Bull runs his thumb over them.

"Hey," Adaar says.

"Hey."

"I want to watch you while you fuck me tonight," he says, and Bull grips his hair tighter, because, *damn*.

"Yeah. Yeah, we should do that," Bull says, getting out of the way so Adaar can turn over. He runs his fingertips up and down Adaar's thighs while he repositions himself between them, no need to push them apart, because Adaar's not hiding how much he wants Bull in his pants. Figuratively. His pants are on the floor.

Adaar's half-sitting-up against the pillows, watching Bull like he's trying to memorize the location of all his scars. Bull fumbles with the blankets for a few seconds before he reaches the bottle of lube, and when he looks back up, Adaar's hand is on his cock, thumb playing with the head. "I'll tie your hands up," Bull says, but it's a half-hearted threat, because he's already spreading the slick over his own cock, and tying knots with slippery hands is, well, it's not impossible, but he doesn't want to try.

"You wouldn't dare," Adaar says, and he puts one hand on Bull's shoulder and the other around the back of his neck, half-guiding Bull forward as Bull pushed into him. Adaar's hand squeezes tighter on Bull's shoulder and Bull leans in to kiss him. It's messier than before, and Bull can feel him moan into the kiss. He presses a hand to Adaar's chest, just over his heart, can feel it hammering against his ribcage.

“You good?” he asks, still close enough that his lips are brushing against Adaar’s when he speaks.

“Of course I’m good,” Adaar’s hands loosen on Bull’s shoulders, “I’m with you.”

When Bull kisses him again, they’re both smiling. “Okay if I move?” he asks, and Adaar just nods, hands sliding down so they’re around Bull’s upper arms. Bull only has to thrust once and Adaar’s horns knock against the headboard with a clang. “Damn, you okay?”

“Had worse,” Adaar says, his horns scraping against the headboard. “You of all people should know that getting knocked in the horns isn’t that—that bad, fuck!”

Bull’s sure at that point he hasn’t caused a concussion, so he starts to move again, fucking Adaar in short, hard strokes. And it’s good, it’s always good, but this time, he’s looking at Adaar and there’s something different in his eyes. Something new in the way Adaar’s hand comes to rest on his cheek while they kiss. Every broken-off cry sounds more and more like Adaar’s trying not to say something. Bull wishes he would, ‘cuz then it’d be easier to know what was going on in that curly head of is.

He bites Adaar’s lower lip right over the marks Adaar’s own teeth have left there, his back bowing just a little so that Adaar’s cock is tight between their bellies while Bull fucks him. He knows Adaar’s getting close when he hitches his legs up higher, feet in the air, so he can do nothing but let Bull take him with no resistance.

And Bull does take him, hard and fast, the angle a little off, but like this, Bull can grab his ass. He would’ve left fingerprints on most people, but they didn’t show up on Adaar’s skin. What matters, though, is that Adaar would feel it tomorrow.

“You look so good like this,” Bull says, “I can tell you’re about to come, Boss.”

“‘M not the only one.” Adaar’s looking at him, sort of, but his eyes are unfocused, and they roll back with every thrust. His eyelids are fluttering closed every so often, fuck, he’s so far gone. Adaar sighs, a surprisingly sweet sound from such a disagreeable man. “I could do this forever. Be with you forever.”

He opens his eyes, and the look on his face is so soft, Bull thinks he’s most certainly not the only one in love. “Me too, Kadan.” Bull prides himself on self-control, but right now, he can’t stop himself from kissing Adaar hard while he comes.

“Fuck,” he moans, breathing hard, and rearranging them so Adaar’s laying on him with his ass in Bull’s lap, torso splayed out on the blankets and arms thrown over his face. Bull jerks him off with quick strokes, his thumb sliding over the head of Adaar’s cock with every pass. Adaar’s tension is non-existent now, and Bull can feel him shudder full-body when he comes, his head tipping back so Bull can see his Adam’s apple bobbing when he swallows.

Bull leans over him again, kisses him slow, and they don’t speak for a long time until Adaar reaches halfheartedly for his clothes on the floor. “Said I was gonna give you something.”

“You just did,” Bull replies, kissing Adaar’s cheek, just above the curve of his cheekbone.

Adaar laughs and kisses Bull’s jaw, his beard scraping against Bull’s stubble. He wriggles out from under Bull and the view when he bends to grab something from his pocket is something *else*. Bull is in love with that man, but he’s also really in love with that ass.

Adaar sits on the edge of the bed, holding something in his palm, and he looks almost shy when his fingers uncurl around it. It’s a dragon’s tooth, elaborately carved, and Bull wants to kiss him and take him all over again.

“Kadan,” he says, and he’s so awed he feels like he might cry, except that’s ridiculous.

“You keep calling me that. What does it mean?” Adaar asks, and Bull takes Adaar’s hand in his when he replies.

“My heart.”

Adaar kisses him, and Bull, not for the first time, feels like he’s never going to need to kiss anyone else. Ugh, it’s sappy as fuck, but damn it, he loves this man.

The mood isn’t even ruined that much when Cullen wanders in.

Author's Note:

If you want to know more about Meatball or just experience me ranting about Dragon Age, you can find me on Tumblr @weezna or on my NSFW tumblr @seldula (naturally, that one has a lot more butts.)